

SEASON'S
GREETINGS
TO
ALL
OUR
READERS



VOL. XI.

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No. 12.

RESTORATION



GLORIA
in excelsis DEO

Journey Inward

By

Catherine de Hueck Doherty

The kitchen was warm, and smelled sweetly of fresh baked bread and spicy herbs, hanging in the rafters to dry. The cat slept curled up in a little ball of gray, as close to the range as she dared.

The vigil light that danced before the dark face of the icon of our Lady of Tver shed a radiance far beyond its power—or so it seemed; rivaling the two tall yellowish home-made wax candles that stood on the dazzling white kitchen table—the only other lights in the vast room.

Ten Year Old Heart

The cook's spinning wheel made soft monotonous music. It was just the right background for the Polish pilgrim who, sitting straight on a kitchen chair, was telling us one of her stories.

I was sitting on a little footstool, barely conscious of the soft noise of the spinning wheel . . . the effects of the dancing vigil light . . . utterly absorbed in the words of the Polish woman.

She was dressed in sombre black, but her weather beaten face was gentle, and her light blue eyes held the reflection of the holy things she had seen. We had many pilgrims passing through our part of the land, and my parents offered warm hospitality to all—I was used to them—yet this woman seemed "special" somehow. I loved her at first sight with all my ten year old heart.

Our Lady of Tver

She was telling about the Host . . . About the infinite humility of the Lord hidden in that little piece of bread . . . about His being a beggar . . . a divine beggar . . . begging for the love of Men. She was telling, too, about the many miraculous shrines she had visited throughout the world . . . about a Host that wept . . . about a Bleeding host . . . But I was not listening. My childish heart was breaking at the thought that Christ, the divine beggar of love was not loved by men as He wanted to be.

I prayed to the Dark Lady of Tver then and there to fill my heart with love for Him, so that I could love Him for all those who would not.

Who but a child would ask for such a gift? Who but a woman many years later would begin to understand the price such a gift involved . . . and weep because, as yet, she did not love enough?

WHITE
FLAME
RESPLENDANT,
IN
INFINITE
HUMILITY,
THAT
MERGES
IN SIMPLICITY
SUPREME!

SMALL
YET
BEYOND
ALL MEASURING,
IMPRISONED
IN A MONSTRANCE,
THE HOST
STANDS
STILL;
YET FROM
IT
SHINES
POWER
INTENSE.
AND
IT
DRAWS
ALL
TO
INFINITE AND
PERFECT
REST.

WHITE
FLAME RESPLENDANT,
BLINDING THE
SIGHT
OF SOULS
THAT LOVE
WHITENESS
STILLNESS . . .
FROM WHENCE
LOVE INCARNATE
SENDS THE
FIRE OF
THOUSANDS OF
MILLIONS OF
DESIRES
THAT STEM
FROM IT.

WHITE FLAME
RESPLENDANT,
THAT SINGS
OF ITS HUNGER
FOR SOULS
IN WORDS OF FIRE
UNHEARD
BY MULTITUDES . . .
CALLING,
CALLING,
TO THOSE
WHOSE
HEARTS
EXPAND
BENEATH
THE TOUCH
OF ITS
WHITE SUN!

WHITE FLAME
RESPLENDANT
THAT CHANGES
IN THOUSANDS OF
COLORS—
OF PITY,
LOVE
DESIRE, AND
MERCY'S
CLEANSING FIRE!
BEHOLD
THE HOST
IMPLORING
SOULS
FOR LOVE!
BEHOLD
THE PAUPER
FROM ABOVE,
WITH PALMS
ETENDED,
BEGGING,
FOR
THE WORN-OUT
COINS
OF HUMAN HEARTS!
PAUSE AND SEE
THE SUPREME BEGGAR,
BEGGING
FROM THEE,
A WORD,
A GLANCE,
OF LOVE
A CHANCE
TO REST
WITHIN
THY HUMAN
BREAST!

Cradleside

By Elizabeth Fulton

Little One,
Infant,
Oh how You are lovely!
How silent before You the cosmos
and we!
How still we are dreaming You,
drinking You—
Resting, all-one, at Your cradle-
side,
Peace-hearted, free.
It seems at the manger content
is forever—
And yet, little fingers, here's
wood for a tree!
Small rose blossom sleeping,
Oh Baby of Juda,
To love You is gladness, to love
You is pain.
Oh Lady, Madonna, come quickly.
Take, hold Him.
Hold Him close to your sweetness,
to slumber again.

Christ Born of Mary

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Marian Centre, Edmonton, Alberta—Marian Centre means different people. To our Brothers in Christ it is a place where they may come and be received as Christ. To our Volunteers, it means a spot in the City where their Christlike Charity may be expressed in actual deed by the work of their hands. To others who cannot give of their time, or who are situated at a distance from Edmonton, it is a place where they can show their generosity by gifts of food, money, clothing. To some it is a place for which they offer prayers and suffering.

To the staff it is many things. It is their obedience in their vocation in the Madonna House apostolate. It is their duty of the moment. It is their present way of life, given them by their Director General. It is their way to attain the perfection God demands of them. It is their lesson which must be learned, if they are to become truly Christlike. It is their opportunity to witness to Him in the market place.

Center of Mary

But to all, it can be much more than any of these things. It can become a way of being.

If these two words, MARIAN CENTRE, are scrutinized and pondered very carefully, one comes up with the thought that they could mean "the center of Mary." Any woman who has been with child will understand how the child becomes the centre of her thoughts, prayers, attention and hope for the future. In other words, the child becomes her whole being. She becomes a living witness of that child. Then later, wonder of wonders, that child becomes a witness of his Mother's being.

If this house is called Marian Centre, could it not mean that it is the home of the Child Jesus, who was the centre of Mary's being? If it is the house of Jesus, then of necessity it becomes the house of God. These are only thoughts. The reality is something we are striving for—the reality of being pregnant with Christ.

Only inasmuch as we become Marian Centred, only inasmuch as we allow Christ to be formed in us, will this pile of cement blocks typify what its title implies. Only inasmuch as we become Christlike will he allow Himself to be witnessed through us. There is an old saying: "You cannot give what you haven't got."

If we are to show the face of Christ to each other and to our brothers and sisters, be they Brothers Christopher, volunteers, donors, people critical of us, those helping us with payments on the building, or the clergy who have been so good to us, then, obviously, we must allow Him to grow in us daily. Marian Centre will then become not simply the name of a place, but a goal to reach as a means of service to our fellow men.

Gateway to God

It is a stark truth that the shortest and greatest way to eternal salvation is through Mary. It is a direct route. It is simplicity itself. It is the following of Christ, on whom Mary's whole being was being centered. Mary followed Him even to the Cross, and so must we. Part of her, after His death, followed Him to heaven, for it must be true that her thoughts were always with Him, even though He was not present.

In thinking of becoming Christlike, we sometimes fear, since the sight of the Cross grows large with us. We forget that the foundation of Christ within Mary must have been a most joyous and beautifully awesome thing for her. It is true that knowing the scriptures so well she must have, even in the natural order, been aware of His pending death on the Cross. But again, simply on the natural order, what joy must have pervaded her whole being during the advent of His birth. Because of her unselfish love of mankind, spiritually, the knowledge that

their redemption was close at hand must have brought her great happiness. She knew well the sadness of the Cross, but her love of men and of God overshadowed any natural fear she might have had about it. Her personal Cross took the form of seven swords, piercing her strong and tender heart. She knew well it must be so.

Christ In Us

Proof that the formation of Christ in oneself is a joyous thing can be had in the Gospels. When Mary went to visit Elizabeth, so great a happiness emanated from her that the child in Elizabeth's womb leapt for joy. If we could so form the Christ Child within us, if we could go along with Him in His growth in Nazareth, if we could withstand the disappointments of His public ministry, then maybe, with the full weight of our own particular cross laid on our shoulders, we might be strong enough (with His strength) to carry it, without a murmur, as He did. We might even be able to allow ourselves to be crucified, as He was. If we did this, surely one day we would rise again gloriously from the dead, as He did.

With a single "Fiat", and the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, Mary began the growth of our Redeemer. The dream of thousands of years became a reality. When Christ came to life in a cold and unsightly hut, maybe He was representing the manner in which He would come to life in the cold hearts of men. I don't know. But I do know that His very presence in that cold place brought forth warmth, and immediately attracted the humble shepherds. Peace and joy came to all men of good will.

Please pray for us that we may be Marian centered. Pray that He may enjoy the warmth of our hearts while He is being formed in us, just as He experienced the warmth and security of His Mother's womb before He ventured into the coldness of the stable. Please pray that He will find many welcoming hearts and souls where in He may shelter Himself this Christmas.

COMBERMERE DIARY

The original Constitutions, or rule of life, of the Staff Workers of this Apostolate, contain the paragraph, "Deep fealty to the person of the Holy Father is of the essence of this Apostolate." Therefore, all at Madonna House renew again their loyalty, fealty, and allegiance to the person of the Holy Father, Pope John XXIII.

We were honored again by the presence of Bishop Coudert of the Yukon Territory, and we enjoyed once more his fascinating stories. Mr. Jim Guinan of the St. Peter Claver Center in Washington, D.C., spent a week with us.

Trudi Cortens and "B" and Dot Phillips and Thurston Smith from Edmonton, attended the Catholic Social Life Conference in Winnipeg.

All of us rejoiced to learn that Father Emmett Doyle of Edmonton, who has so helped our work and workers there, has been appointed Bishop of the Diocese of Nelson, B.C.

We were peeking over the shoulder of Mary Ann Gilmore the other evening as she was putting down her statistics on those coming to our Clothing Room. We saw her list 282 Adults, and 110 children for August; 310 adults and 128 children for September; and 281 adults and 121 children for October—making a total of 1232 people for a three month period.

We continued our peeking when we noticed a frown on Alma Beauchamp's features as she sat poring over the bookkeeping. It seems, she told us, that we received only \$1282.23 from our Fall Begging Letter, and that our overdraft at the bank was then \$4360.61; and that she faced the writing of the December cheques on an empty till. But possibly, she said, the Infant of Prague, who is also the Infant of Christmas, may send some gifts our way to make for a merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

THE LAY APOSTOLATE NEEDS THE LITURGY

By Catherine Doherty

Lately we have not been writing many articles on the Liturgy. Yet from the very first day of the foundation of our Apostolate we realized that without full participation in it our Apostolate would soon die.

For the two are one. It is "the Mass lived" that is the very soul and work of the Apostolate. Endless is the growth of knowledge in it. Infinite the grace and strength of participation in it. Daily the ITE MISSA EST . . . GO THE MASS IS ENDED . . . reminds each one of us that once again we receive the mandate of the Lord—TO LIVE HIS MASS, AND OURS, IN THE MARKET PLACES OF THE WORLD!

The Three Vows

How could we implement this mandate unless He Himself was our strength? Has He not said "Without Me you can do nothing?" How lovingly, how lavishly He gives us this strength in the Mass—giving us HIMSELF—The Bread of the Saints.

New is the Lay Apostolate, especially new are the Secular Institutes, whose members, though in no way distinguishable from ordinary folks, dedicate their lives totally to God in the Ministry of the Apostolate, for life, under the three vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience.

The cloisters of the members of such Institutes are the world. Their cells are any place, any house, on any street. You can find them in the halls of learning, in the wild lonely places of the world, in shops and factories. In hospitals and settlement houses. Nothing is alien to their apostolate but sin. Their work, their ministry, is to re-baptize, restore the world to Christ. This is their vocation. This is their work.

They are called by Christ through His Vicars, not to "leave the world" but to remain in it, and change it, turn its face to Christ. The task, from a human point of view, in this era, appears practically impossible in a world seemed so far away from God. Millions have officially denied him. Millions again do not care if He exists or doesn't.

All Are In Need

A few have riches beyond man's understanding. Some countries have a high standard of living. Many have literally nothing—not even enough food to be truly alive. Most countries have much poverty and a very low standard of living.

Pain, hunger, envy, jealousy, unrest, wars, hot and cold, dot the spiritual and factual map of the world into which a handful of dedicated lay apostles dare to venture — despite the odds against them.

They dare because they have begun to understand the pain of Christ in our world. But how can they continue day by day to surmount hatred and indifference, and ignorance and poverty that shut men's mind from even the light of God's truth? How would they set about to change darkness to light . . . sin to grace . . . hatred to love?

There is only one way. By learning to love. By becoming witnesses to love . . . Love who is a Person . . . Who is God. By loving and witnessing to Christ everywhere they are called to go.

Loving — means sacrifice and service. Their lives must become both. To give love . . . sacrifice . . . service . . . one must learn all three. Where is the SCHOOL OF LOVE? . . . THE LITURGY . . . The Mass. The Breviary. The Chant. And the Blessings and Sacraments that accompany them.

The Mass itself is SACRIFICE and SACRAMENT. In it Christ Himself is the Teacher . . . the Sacrifice . . . the Food. In it Love itself teaches us how to love, and gives us the strength to implement His teachings. Even the humblest lay apostle can carry the weight of any day BETWEEN TWO MASSES.

One with Christ's Sacrifice in the Mass—participating in it fully—the Lay Apostle learns the meaning of the word sacrifice, and understands that love, and love alone, will make his impossible task possible. As he eats God he will stand ready to be eaten up himself during the heat of his long and often lonely day.

School and Life

Yes. The Mass is the school . . . and the very life of love, sacrifice,

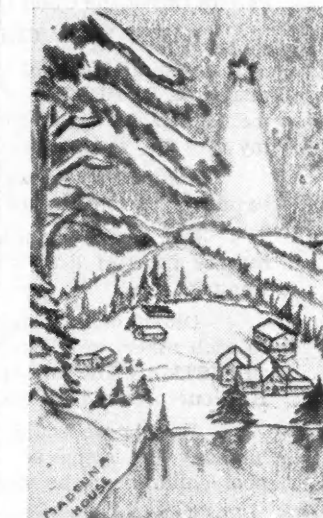
and service of the modern lay apostle. Together with the Scriptures and the Fathers of the Church, it is also his theological school.

He understands that the works of God are also prayer, the official prayer of the Church. The Divine office, he will recite, with the Church, as often as possible so as to perform better his daily tasks, knowing work is prayer, and prayer is work and both must be given to the Lord of Hosts.

He will further strengthen himself by lifting his voice in song, knowing that chant is but another beautiful stairway on which His soul may ascend to God. He will closely live the Liturgical year and avail himself of all its seasons' blessings.

Since he is to restore the world to Christ, he will also use these Blessings to start off well. A blessed typewriter may some day help its user to see God . . . Who can tell?

No. We have not been writing many articles about the Liturgy lately . . . Perhaps because we have been trying to learn more about it, and from it. There are times when men's tongues must be silent . . . so that their souls may hear the voice of God more clearly.



A LOVE LETTER TO ALMIGHTY GOD

By Eddie Doherty

Dear Lord God, Maker and Giver of all things; Christmas is nearly here and I have as yet no gift for You, nothing by which I can show You my love on this most special day.

There is nothing material You want—no matter how beautiful I might wrap it. You have everything. You have created everything. You can create millions of worlds by simply thinking of them. Besides, I have given You all I have, including myself and all those who surround me here in Your Mother's house in Combermere.

What shall I give You, God?

I ask, and I hear You asking "And what shall I give you?" Give me more love, God—that I may give it back to You. Give me always more and more love for You. Love for Mary. Love for Joseph, Your foster father. Love for all the saints and angels. Love for all the souls in Purgatory. Love for all the people on earth.

I Love You, God. I want to love You more. "More than yesterday. Less than tomorrow."

Merry Christmas, God. With all the love I can give. It isn't much, but it is all I have. And a Happy New Year to You, and to the world
Your Eddie.

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Happy Holy Christmas!

And so it is. For the Lord has come. And has dwelt amongst us.

Yet somehow my mind keeps going back to Bethlehem. I can almost feel the raw wind going through the cracks of the stable-cave. I can smell the stable odor; pungent, not unpleasant, yet somehow never associated with the birth of any child.

I can hear the rhythmic noise of animals chewing their cud. And I behold a poverty that borders on destitution.

That is why, perhaps, as I think of the food-laden tables that will be such a joyous part of the Feast—as they should be—my mind brings forth, the pain of the Infant Christ in our world of today. Or putting it another way—the pain of my brother in Christ—on this joyous feast! But my lips form easily enough the words of greeting . . .

HAPPY HOLY CHRISTMAS!

My soul whispers, "Are they happy for the children in India?" Most of them do not know about Bethlehem nor about Christ. This Day of Days is but another hungry day for them, and for their parents . . . for they are the living breathing part of those terrible statistics that are beginning to haunt many more people than myself.

The world-hunger statistics, I mean. The children of India are hungry. So are many other children—and so are many men and women in West Indies; in Africa, in China and Russia, even in Europe and the U.S.A. and Canada.

Perhaps few of these know the Holy Infant of Bethlehem . . . because WE WHO DO have not clothed them and fed them, out of our own pittance, nor even out of our surplus.

Perhaps million of Russian children do not know God . . . because we have not shown the true Face of Christ the Child to the world . . .

HAPPY HOLY CHRISTMAS!

Strange ideas fill my mind this year at Christmas time. The Passion of the Infant Christ is before me. My heart sings its songs of joy and gratitude and my eyes fill with tears.

I want to run away from my thoughts. I want to plunge into the joys of Christmas.

But the tired faces of little children . . . the hungry faces of little children the world over . . . won't let me.

Oh, if only, instead of giving costly presents to each other, we all suddenly decided to make this CHRISTMAS The Infant's Christmas . . . and gave Him our presents instead!

If only we could show Him our love on His birthday by loving all the poor forgotten hungry poor children of the world!

Then it would be indeed . . .

A HAPPY HOLY CHRISTMAS.



Thanks to the thoughtfulness of a friend who took these pictures, Catherine and Eddie Doherty are able to send you their Christmas greetings in this fashion. God keep you merry always. And Mary keep you always close to God. A Happy Holy Christmas to all the world!

Eddies of 1958

By Eddie Doherty

A writer in a recent magazine told why he does not believe in heaven or in hell. Pious old tyrants, he said, gave him too much hell when he was growing up. If he made a face, threw a spitball, forgot to say "no ma'am" and "yes ma'am", was late for school, didn't save his pennies for the poor heathen children, or made too much noise on Sunday morning while mom was trying to get over a hangover and pop was getting ready for bed, he was told he was an imp of Satan and was going straight to hell!

When he was thirteen, however, he realized, he said, that there was no hell. He doesn't say he made any particular study of the matter. He makes no mention of any search for a correct interpretation of the Scriptures—that is, one he could accept as correct. Apparently he simply discovered that the old fossils were using hell as a handy sort of gadget—and jumped to the conclusion that hell was as phoney as the boogeyman of his childhood.

Good-bye Old Hell

However, he says, he fortified his belief in non-belief—if I can put it that way—by asking a lot of ministers what they thought of heaven and hell. Were there actually such places?

Many ministers, it seems, told him the talk about heaven and hell was a lot of nonsense! So—if I can put it this way—he said to hell with hell. (He must have added to hell with heaven too.)

Heaven, as most Christians conceive it, the writer felt, is a goody sort of place, somewhere above the skies, where only good little boys and girls and goody-goody-good grownup men and women are admitted. These form a select group known as the sheep. A much larger group, known as the goats, are diverted from the heavenly front door and turned over to devils in the conventional red satin, with horns, cloven hoofs, long tails, and hideous-looking pitchforks. (The goats are the bad boys and girls who do not do what their elders tell them to do; and those elders whom little boys and girls dislike.)

And So Long Heaven

Lots of people who do not believe in hell still believe in heaven—or they believe in heaven for themselves and hell for their enemies. But if it is logical to believe there is no hell, why shouldn't one, with equal logic, say there is no heaven?

It is only a step from this, on the same satanic ladder of logic, to assert that there is no devil. How can you have a devil if there is no hell? Then, of course, you get to the top of the ladder—or is it the bottom?—and assert there is no God. If there is no heaven, why should there be a God?

The magazine that printed the article is not a Commy organ. It isn't preaching atheism—though some people might think so. It doesn't care particularly whether there be a heaven or a hell, so long as the circulation grows on earth. This is what the editor wants; a good controversial subject. It will make talk. It will cause people to write letters, for and against belief.

"The Fool Hath Said . . ."

The fact that the article might influence readers to lose their faith in heaven and hell, in the devil, and in Almighty God, doesn't matter. All that matters is circulation—which means profits, money in the pockets, with which to buy Christmas gifts, perhaps, for the children who still believe in heaven and hell and, right now, "good old Santa Claus." (Not Christ but Santy.)

The article, the magazine took pains to say, does not necessarily reflect the editors' views. Some of those editors may be church-going Christian men and women. Some may believe as the writer does—and the ministers the writer named.

You want to air your belief? In that magazine? Then write a piece about it. Say 3,000 words or less. Maybe the nice editors will print it. Maybe they won't. It has to be "literate".

(That means anything an editor wants it to mean.) It has to be "good".

There was a time when I didn't believe in heaven or hell, nor in the devil, nor in God. Lots of pious old tyrants had given me the hell-fire treatment also. But that isn't why I lost my faith. I lost my faith because I had lost my love for God—and because I had suddenly come to fear His anger. It was easy to say "There is no God, there is no heaven, there is no devil, there is no hell." It took away the weapon of the provoking persecuting, pesky people predict-

ing eternal damnation for my soul—and it gave me a feeling of comfort. That is, more or less comfort.

Faith and Knowledge

But the faith came back. And, with it, the knowledge—the absolute, certain, unquestionable knowledge—that there is a heaven, there is a hell, there is a devil, and there is a God!

There is a God who rewards and punishes, a God of justice as well as of love and mercy. And He is not accountable to any man for what He does—since He is God!

If the writer of the magazine article had read the following passage from the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew—and if those ministers of his had also read it with any attention—he would never have written what he did. (Of course, then, he would not have been paid, and the editors might have lost some circulation.)

"Then the king will say to those on his right hand, 'Come blessed of my father, take possession of the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and you gave me to eat . . ."

"Then will he say to those on his left hand, 'Depart from me, accursed ones, into the everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels; for I was hungry and you did not give me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me no drink . . ."

Come, Or Depart

This is Christ talking! "Amen I say to you, as long as you did not do it for one of these least ones, you did not do it for me." And these will go into everlasting punishment, but the just into everlasting life."

If you believe in Christ, you must believe in heaven and in hell. Of course some so-called Christians believe in Christ only as a man, a character in history, a good teacher with a gift for parables, "the first Rotarian." And they think they can interpret His parables to their own satisfaction.

But in this passage quoted by St. Matthew, Christ was not talking in parables. He was speaking, as the Son of God, about His Father, and the day of the last judgment. Take it or leave it! I am reminded of one of the stories told by my wife, Catherine. She was sixteen or seventeen at the time and a nurse with the rank of a lieutenant, in the Russian army, the army of the last czar. She was in a dugout, somewhere near the German front. It was night, and some of the officers were eating huge chunks of bread, drinking tea, and talking—as Russians love to do—of the soul, religion, God, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the last judgment. One of the atheists present on this night, in 1916 or 1917, was enjoying himself.

High on a Cross

"You love this, don't you?", he taunted them. "You love making Christs of yourselves, so you can atone for your sins and the sins of others, and so go right up to your boring heaven! Why don't you go up the stairs, then, and out into hell you hear above us—mortars, machine guns, hand grenades, and high explosive shells? Why do you stay on your cross down here, when you could be shedding your precious blood for us poor sinners?"

"One sees well from his crucifix," one of Catherine's friends answered the mocker. "When one is lifted up, he has a better vision. I can see you, my friend, better than you see yourself. You believe, right now, that if a bullet hits you, you will go forward into emptiness, into nothing. But I know that a moment after that bullet hits, and you learn that you are about to die, you will realize there is no sterile emptiness for you, no nothingness, but—instead—an actual fearful, everlasting hell!"

"And I know something else that I can tell you from the prominence of my cross. You will cry out, in that last moment of your life. You will cry out, silently, 'God, have mercy on me!'"

The atheist laughed. "There is no God, you fool!" he said, "and I am in no more danger of death than any of us."

He was, Catherine says, the only one of the group who was killed the next morning. A bullet went through him just after he had left the dugout.

My Christmas Wish

If he did ask for mercy in that last awful moment, God, who wants sinners to live and not die, must have heard him, must have shown him mercy. How awful it is, not to believe in heaven—to see your loved ones die and feel this is the end! to feel that life is but a breath and there is no life after it; to be without hope, without purpose, without love! And how nice for the devil if you do not believe in him, nor in his realm—to think you enter into nothing when you die! How much, how very much, the devil does with nothing!

The divine Infant, born of a Virgin so many hundreds of years ago, was born to die for us, all of us, including writers and ministers and others who may not believe in Him—and magazine editors too—that we might be happy with Him, and the Father and the Holy Ghost, and with Our Lady and all the saints and angels. Heaven is ours for the asking—but we say "I'm a big boy now, don't give me that stuff." Lord, what suckers we can be!

May all the children of earth, saints and sinners, believers and unbelievers, cry out for Mercy, if it be only with their last expiring breath! That is my Christmas wish this year.

Peace on Earth

By Mary Ann Gilmore

PEACE IS ACHIEVED THROUGH PAIN AND LOVE.

PAIN IS DARKNESS
PAIN IS SEPARATION
PAIN IS DULLNESS
PAIN IS FEAR
PAIN IS INSECURITY
PAIN IS FAILING TO SEE THE FACE OF THE BELOVED.

LOVE IS LIGHT
LOVE IS UNION
LOVE IS JOY
LOVE IS COURAGE
LOVE IS LOVING
LOVE IS SEEING
THE FACE OF THE BELOVED
PEACE IS PAIN AND
LOVE UNITED IN THE SOUL.



Dear St. Nick, Here's Our Christmas List

Dear St. Nicholas: We know you have been chosen by the Christ Child to do the giving out of presents in His Name. For He is too small yet to do this big job Himself. So we write to remind you that Madonna House, its library, and all of us, numbering over sixty this year, would like subscriptions to the following magazines:

Please don't forget these . . . Put them on the list you show the Infant Christ for approval . . . America, 70 E. 45th St., New York 17, N.Y., \$8.00 yearly.

Catholic Art Quarterly, 53 Ridgewood Road, Buffalo 20, N.Y. \$5.00 yearly.

Catholic Library World, Villanova University, Villanova, Pennsylvania, \$5.00 yearly.

The Critic, 210 W Madison St., Chicago 6, Illinois, \$3.50 yearly.

The Pope Speaks, 3622 12th St., N.E., Washington 17, D.C., \$5.00 yearly.

Workbench, 737 Hobbies Bldg., Kansas City 11, Missouri, \$3.50 yearly.

Social Order, 3908 Westminster Pl., St. Louis, Mo.

Sponsa Regis, St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota, \$2.00 yearly.

Theology Digest, St. Mary's College, St. Mary's Kansas, \$2.00 yearly.

Worship, St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., \$3.50 yearly.

Commonweal, 386 Fourth Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y., \$7.50 yearly.

Life, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., \$7.25 yearly.

Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, \$6.00 yearly.

Saturday Review, 25 W. 45th St., N.Y. 36, N.Y., \$8.00 yearly.

New York Times (daily newspaper), N.Y., N.Y.

Times, (daily newspaper), London, England.

New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y. 36, N.Y.

FRIENDS IN DECAY

By Michael Wright

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon—This year winter came early to the Yukon. By September the snow had all but covered the mountains, giving them the appearance of sleeping volcanoes bathed in molten white lava.

Autumn had scarcely come when it was gone. Only for a few days the Alaska Highway and the many trails through jack-pine forests revealed to travellers a thousand scenes of golden autumn splendor. Occasionally a mountain covered with fire-weed was flaming red in the setting sun.

Suddenly the wind came, strong, relentless. Soon the trees were stripped of their new-found glory. The face of the earth became ashen grey as if it were very tired. Then, on a September morning, we walked out into an entirely new world. All was white!

Flocks of birds passed over Whitehorse on their journey southward. The sun, even at noon-day, began sinking closer to our southern horizon. The daylight hours kept shrinking with amazing speed.

With the snow and the early winter there came a new kind of silence. The peace was deeper, the stillness more profound.

John Johnny, one of our Maryhouse boys who is a native of the Yukon, wrote a poem expressing the sadness he feels at this time of year when all his friends in the world of nature seem to be dying or departing. It ends however on a note of joy:

"Now I am happy and comfortable to know the use—

Yes, the use, of my friends in decay—

To grow things in array!"

Merry Christmas From the Yukon.

OUR CHAPLAINS
WILL BE GLAD
TO TAKE CARE OF
YOUR MASS
INTENTIONS

UNUSUAL CALENDAR

Those who attend daily Mass—and particularly faithful users of the Missal—will welcome an illustrated calendar of the liturgical year, 1959.

The 22" by 22" wall chart (folded into a white envelope to serve as a large greeting card) is both decorative and useful.

Designed by Ade Bethune in red, black, and white, this time wheel enables one to see the entire church year at a glance. The fifty-two weeks forming the "spokes" of the wheel show the 1959 review of the sacred events by which we were redeemed—thus making the temporal cycle. In an outer circle are noted the days of the saints' anniversaries—or the sanctoral cycle.

Radiating from the outer rim are lines on which to write family anniversaries and feastsdays, thus incorporating all into the 1959 milestone of the Church's time clock.

Teachers can adapt this feature to the classroom by having each pupil write in his name day or birthday.

The drawings in the four corners of the calendar are inspired by the four major feasts which coincide with the seasons:

Spring—The Annunciation (March 25)
Summer—The Birth of St. John the Baptist (June 24)
Autumn—Feast of St. Michael the Archangel (Sept. 29)
Winter—The Nativity of Our Lord (Dec. 25)

The theme for the central design is the proclamation of the Incarnate Word of God to the four corners of the world by the four Evangelists. The symbols associated with Saints Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John turn about the central figure of the cross.

Directions for the use of the Wheel Calendar are clearly given as it is unfolded. Each season it is to be given a quarter turn to bring the current months into the most readable position. The pictures are so designed that they fall into place in whatever position the chart is viewed.

As a complement to the Missal, the wall calendar gives many items of information regarding Holy Days, Days of Fast and Abstinence, and colors of vestments for each Mass.

The calendar is now available (\$1.00) at many Catholic stores or may be ordered directly from the publishers, St. Leo Shop, 118 Washington Street, Newport, Rhode Island.

Moslem Visitor Gives Madonna House A Treat

If the people in Madonna House were asked to select the speaker of the year, or the treat of the year, the name of a Pakistani civil servant, a devout Moslem, would be placed high up on every list that might be written.

Many great and brilliant speakers appeared on the various programs in Madonna House this year. Among them were priests, lay apostles, social workers, writers, a bishop or two, doctors, and specialists in many arts and sciences—all ardent Catholics. But our Mohammedan friend, Karim Nawaz, was among the most interesting of all our visitors, and also among the most sincerely religious.

Is Religion Necessary

Mr. Nawaz, now a member of the Ministry of Transport, in Toronto, was formerly a magistrate in his native Pakistan—a most honorable role in the country, for its magistrate travels with a guard of honor everywhere; and there is a flag over the house he occupies. It is put up when he arrives. It is taken down when he retires, or when he is not at home. Mr. Nawaz is married and the father of five children. He speaks English more perfectly than most Canadians or Americans—or even Englishmen, for that matter—and when he speaks of his religion he is a joy to listen to.

He held an audience spell-bound one night in October—and he is often quoted by the boys and girls. This is what he had to say about religion—His subject was "Whether religion is necessary in the modern world."

By Karim Nawaz

The question which perturbs every mind today is whether religion is, when all is said and done, necessary to humanity. Now a cursory glance at the history of human civilization shows that religion has been the supreme force, in the development of mankind to its present condition.

That all that is good and noble in man has been inspired by faith in God is a truth which perhaps even an atheist would not controvert. One Abraham, one Moses, one Christ, and one Muhammad has, each in his turn and his degree, changed the whole history of the human race, and raised it from the depths of degradation to moral heights undreamed of. It is through the teachings of great prophets that man has been able to conquer his lower nature and to set before himself the noblest ideals of selflessness and the service of humanity.

Seed Is Sown

Study the noble sentiments that inspire man today and you will find their origin in the teachings and example of some great sage who had a deep faith in God, and through whom was sown the seed of faith in other human hearts. The moral and ethical development of man to his present state, if due to any other cause, is due to religion. Humanity has yet to find out whether the lofty emotions which inspire man today will survive after a generation or two of Godlessness, and what sentiments materialism will bring in its train.

To all appearance, the reign of the rule of selfishness; for a cut and dried scheme for the equal distribution of wealth will not inspire the noble sentiments which are today the pride of man, and which centuries of religion have instilled into his very being. If the sanction of religion be removed today, the ignorant masses—and the masses must always remain ignorant, though they may be able to read and write a little—will sink back, gradually of course, into a state of savagery, while even those who reckon themselves above the common level will no longer feel the inspiration to noble and high ideals which only faith in God can give.

Civilization Grows

As a matter of fact, human civilization, as we have it today, is, whether it likes the idea or not, based on religion. Religion has made possible a state of civilization which has again and again saved human society from disruption. Trace back its history in all nations, and it will be seen that whenever it has begun to totter, a new religious impulse has always been at hand to save it from utter destruction.

It is not only that civilization, with any pretense to endurance, can rest only on a moral basis, and that true and lofty morals are inspired only by faith in God, but even the unity and cohesion of jarring human elements, without which it is impossible for any civilization to stand for a day, is best brought about by the unifying force of religion. It is often said that religion is responsible for much of the hatred and bloodshed in the world, but a cursory glance at the history of religion will show this to be a monstrous misconception.

To Reap a Harvest

Love, concord, sympathy, kindness to one's fellowmen, have been the message of every religion, and every nation has learnt these es-

sential lessons in their true purity only through the spirit of selflessness and service which the faith in God has inspired. If there have been selfishness, hatred and bloodshed, they have been there in spite of religion, not as a consequence of the message of Love, which religion has brought.

They have been there because human nature is too prone to these things; and their presence only shows that a still greater religious awakening is required, that a truer faith in God is yet a crying need of humanity. That men shall sometimes turn to low and unworthy things does not show that the nobler sentiments are worthless, but only that their development has become a more urgent necessity.

Co-Operation at Stella Maris House

By Mary Kay Rowland

Stella Maris House, Portland, Oregon.—Some months ago I tried to describe our mandate. It is unique, and a little difficult to explain. But there is still another side to our lives and work here, though basically it resembles the first. That's our wonderful Apostolic groups!

We have been mandated to be a center for them. In what does this consist? Many things—like supplying the physical arrangements. The Y.C.W., C.F.M., Y.C.S., both High School and College, have their headquarters here. They need rooms for meetings, cups for coffee, a mimeograph for their bulletins and programs. We serve as the central mailing address, the common phone number. (We refer their calls on to them). There is a special section in the library for them—not only books, but pamphlets, articles, magazines.

Vision Of The Whole

It means also our being available to listen to their plans and ideas, and sometimes to their problems. To give suggestions when asked. To keep up on all the latest developments not only here but all over the world, so as to have that over-all vision.

We share our meals with Tom Condon, the full timer for the YCW. He shares his knowledge with us, gained last winter in England studying the ways of the Apostolate. Tom is doing a terrific job unifying the groups in this area. He spearheaded a survey which attracted national attention to their findings on the attitudes of youth to marriage, work, leisure. Tom is supported by contributions from the various apostolic groups and interested business and professional men. A living example of what co-operation can do!

We never know when the door bell rings who it will be. Often it is one of these young apostles... a worker come to help put out their bulletin, or to have a meeting to plan a new project or a study day... a high school group... a college student wishing to do some research on Christian principles or to study the gospel or liturgy for the next inquiry... a CFM'er looking for a book on marriage or children.

Slowly our dream of the House, with its chapel and library, being a vital source of inspiration and ideas is coming alive.

An Object Lesson

Even with the apostolic groups there is a need to come together to understand just what it is that each is doing. That's why we were so pleased last spring when a group started meeting to plan the apostolic day of our annual Conference on Industrial and Social Relations. The committee was made up of representatives of the various specialized movements. It took a few meetings to find a common meeting ground—a meeting of the minds—an understanding of each group and its own peculiar objectives in this vast whole. Then came the ability to co-operate, and everyone is pleased with the results, an object lesson in what can be done.

The afternoon session of the Apostolic day will be a report of the YCW survey and the YCS High School Survey, followed by the

College presenting the ideal. The group then breaks down into workshops to discuss the observations, to find what can be done. The session concludes with the reports from the workshops and suggestions to take back to the parent organizations for the "action". In each workshop there will be an appointed leader and also a representative of each specialized movement.

Peace and Love

We have visions of this committee growing and expanding to include other groups of apostolic people—teachers, professional people.

Another dream, and goal, is to encourage all Catholics to become apostolic—to take their rightful place in civic groups and organizations—to be a leaven to the masses, as Our Holy Father asked again at the Lay Congress in '57.

Basically the idea is the same for apostolic and minority groups. To know and understand each other as individuals—respecting each one as a child of God. So everyone proceeds up the road of peace and love, of mutual understanding, to the common goal—Heaven, guided by the light of Stella Maris.



Bethlehem—Winslow

By Catherine Maynard

Casa Nuestra Senora, Winslow, Arizona.—As Christmas approaches this little verse keeps ringing in my mind:

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem is born, Unless He's born in you, your heart is still forlorn."

In these two lines, we have the answer to all questions, the solution to all problems, the perfect description of the work of "the apostolate." There is no spot in the world today that does not need the apostolate! The apostolate is the work of Christ—the work of Christ is to bring all men to His Father. This is simple and obvious, yet, at times it is difficult and complex.

Winslow Is a World

The needs that engulf us shrink that world to the size of our immediate vision. For us, the world is Winslow, the parish of Madre de Dios. Our world, our portion of the Lord's vineyard, is the streets we travel, the homes we visit, the people we meet day by day. And this is as it should be.

One sees much more by looking down from above than by looking straight ahead and all around at eye level. We can look down from above if we look with the eyes of Christ. So, to help us see more than just our tiny little sphere of action, a huge map of the world hangs in our house. It reminds us constantly of the whole vineyard, the complete apostolate, the Mystical Body of Christ.

A recent visitor from Australia, a member of the Grail Movement remarked with great delight that it was wonderful to see "this indication of an interest in and awareness of world affairs in the house of an apostolate." She has worked for seven years in China, has travelled widely in other parts of the world. She brought us closer, by her words, to other apostles, our brethren in Christ, who labor elsewhere. A missionary priest from Spain, who has worked eleven years in South America and a few in the U.S.A. helped to bring us to another part of the vineyard. The stories are endless, but the work is always the same—they bring about "the Birth of Christ in forlorn hearts."

Empty of Christ!

Sometimes the people we meet in our daily rounds are men or women unhappy in marriage. This unhappiness takes a variety of forms, divorce and remarriage ("and the last state of that man is worst than the first"); alcoholism; carelessness about home and person; dis-interest and neglect of children—all of this is born in hearts that are empty of Christ. Sometimes we meet young people. Those who are filled with Christ are in the wee minority. The others are lifeless, empty, unenthusiastic, unambitious, bored, sometimes lazy, often rude, seldom happy, always heart-rending!

Christ could fill them with life, fire them with ambition, awaken interest and enthusiasm, transform them to happy, complete people. Lest I sound pessimistic, I must add, WE KNOW THAT THIS WILL HAPPEN SOMEDAY. Perhaps not in our lifetime, but someday. Much of the problem lies in lack of knowledge—it is unthinkable that so many would close their hearts to Him, if they knew Him.

And now we begin to see some of the many ways to help fill these empty hearts that fill the earth. First, we must be filled ourselves. We must HAVE so that we may GIVE. And then, in the numerous ways which our love will suggest, we must give the knowledge that it needed. Sometimes we will give it from books, sometimes from our speech, but always from the example of our own lives—the lesson that every man is able to understand.

Let us all pray ceaselessly and work tirelessly to fashion in every heart a MANGER for Christ... this Christmas and always.

A.M.D.G.

The Secret of Perfection

The highest and most perfect kind of life does not consist in one occupation more than another, not in severe penances, not in active zeal, not in works of self-denying charity, not in living remote from all in order to spend one's life in contemplation and prayer, but simply in doing the Will of God from day to day.

—Father Clarke, S. J.

Faith and Works

By Jose De Vinck

We are free because we are able to choose, and this capacity of choice extends to all matters from the slightest to the gravest. Its proper use begins with the choice of a policy of life, of a directing attitude that will serve as a guide in all practical circumstances. Now, all choice depends upon reason, and reason is to be determined by truth. "What is truth?" The answer to Pilate's question is available to every Christian. Truth, as applied to the fact of living, consists in the constant subordination of the relative to the absolute.

The relative is made up of all we see, and feel, and do. The absolute is God, immanent and transcendent. The problem that remains to be solved is this: how are we to correlate our relative, limited, temporal, human action to the absolute, immanent, and transcendent God?

The answer is to be found in the One who, while retaining His transcendence, assumed our limitations. For all of the duration of His hidden life, He, the perfect Man, did nothing more than accomplish the gestures, familiar and down-to-earth, of the most humble of His own rational creatures.

He demonstrated once and for all that the sublimity of works, that which makes them acceptable to the infinite God, is not made of the glory of the world, but depends upon the spirit of love and perfection in which they are performed, hidden or publicly, by the rich or the poor, the genius or the simple soul, without any purpose of self-glorification, but for the greatest glory of God.

It is utterly unimportant to be a peasant or a president, a slave or a king: the only important thing is to accomplish our immediate human task, here and now, with the perfection of love in our heart.

One Man's Scrap Another Man's Gold

We are still looking desperately for cheese forms. Perhaps this issue of Restoration will fall into the hands of someone who lives in an old farm house... or owns an antique shop... we hope so, for we can't seem to find any shops that sell such items.

Is that knitting bag bulging with odd remnants of wool? Not big enough to make even a pair of mitts? We would be grateful for wool scraps—for they make nice warm afghans for babies.

Anyone giving up bee keeping? We would welcome bees, and beehives, and apiary supplies and tools.

Any old gramophone records, pianos, or other musical instruments one would like to get rid of? Electrical fixtures... old fashioned floor and table lamps, lamp shades, oil lamps? All would be welcomed by us. As would scraps of any materials with which to make quilts and handicrafts. Cups without saucers... Saucers without cups... are welcomed too. Embroidery threads, and sewing threads—so many folks have half skeins and spools of same. Any color will be deeply appreciated.

Workshop tools are much needed. We sharpen them and clean them. Never mind if they have been around half a century or so. We will put them into shape again and use them gratefully.

Typewriters... dispensary supplies... farm and garden tools... all the often useless things that clutter places up... and are called scraps... are indeed gold to us.

Christmas cards in January, or after Christmas, will give us much needed recreation material. Old books will have many young readers in these parts. Household, and Women's Magazines will provide us with much needed information, and will also be used for many recreational projects.

And if there are toilet articles, remnants of soap, or odd notions lying around about your house... we would be grateful if you sent them to our house!

Many many thanks for all that you have already sent. And Happy Holy Christmas to you dear folks—one and all. And a most wonderful New Year.



Father Senan Moynihan, O.F.M. Cap., stepped out of doors recently; and a passing photographer pictured him as a symbol of eternal Spring. Father Senan, the friend and benefactor of most every writer, journalist, painter, sculptor, and musician in Dublin, expects to visit Canada and the United States within a few weeks—and bring the Irish springtime with him.

Fr. Senan is the author of a recent best seller, "The Angelic Shepherd", the life of Pope Pius XII. And for a number of years he has edited the Capuchin Annual, and the Temperance periodical, the Father Mathew Record.

In Hoehn's "Catholic Authors", Fr. Senan is assayed as "one of the most vital influences not merely in the Catholic journalism of the contemporary world, but more immediately in literature and the arts in present day Ireland". And the "Capuchin Annual" rates these words: "A lively compendium, at once grave and gay, representing Irish life in poetry, in belles-lettres in criticism of the fine arts and of music, illustrated by drawings, by reproductions of pictures, ancient and modern, and by photographs."

Apart from his work as editor and author, Father Senan is a Governor and Guardian of Ireland's National Gallery, one of the most important collection of pictures in the world. He is also a member of the advisory board of Dublin's municipal gallery of modern art.

White Scimitars Edge A Satin Sea

By Fr. Fred Miller O.M.I.

Christie Indian Residential School, Tefino, B.C., Neither man nor beast is abroad today. South-East winds are on the increase. Visibility from my window is less than half a mile. The rain is unbelievably heavy even for an area with one of the heaviest rainfalls in the world. The swollen creeks are spilling brown water into a white sea.

This sets me dreaming about Hesquiaht, the closest thing we have to an island lost in the mid-Pacific. Last fall I was there glorying in the golden splendour of its sunshine. To the East and North the mountains ranged themselves like the walls of the world. The long beaches stretching away into Hesquiaht harbour were white scimitars on the edge of a satin sea. Footpaths wound lazily in the tall grass between the old homes of the handful of Indians who remain on undisturbed. Only a whistle buoy moaning lugubriously a mile off shore intruded its complaining note.

An Indian took me up from Hot Springs Cove. A haze softened the sharpness of the mountains. The blue sky lost its color. A breeze started from the South-East and freshened. Low clouds, grey and skulking, drifted, then boiled overhead. Then the rain was turned on with a switch. It didn't fall, it shot like a bombardment, with insistent anger; pounding on roofs, beating at the frail windows, saturating everything till it gained a grudging entrance drop by drop.

I lit a wood fire in the iron stove that night, then went into the church to say my night prayers by candlelight. The frame church shuddered under the blasts of wind, and the candle flickered in the draft. The shadows of the statues danced an eerie dance upon the wall. The church stands apart from the village in the lap of the woods. The storm was a separation. The black night was another. I thought of Father Brabant who spent thirty years here alone, and I prayed that his ghost stay quiet 'til the day dawned, or I'd drop dead! All the splendor of yesterday had died.

Last January I had a lovely wedding at Ahousaht. Again the weather was against us, but nothing could dim the joy in two old hearts. The groom was in his early teens when Bishop Seghers first visited the West Coast. That was in 1874! The bride is almost twenty years his junior. The old couple had asked for Baptism in the Fall. I instructed them through an interpreter, David Frank, the old man's nephew. Then I baptized these two old pagans who couldn't hold out against God any longer. He is now Joseph Kelsomat Tom, and she Theresa Mamie Topsail.

"Nephew," he said, "this is the happiest day of my life!" It was one of my happiest too. Then came the inclement wedding day. We couldn't take the old couple out to the church in such weather, so I came to them. They were staying at Imischa's House—one tremendous room housing two large families and the old couple. I vested in surplice and stole while David spoke to the old people.

Shakes Bride's Hand

They sat together on a low bed and held each other's hands. To get on a proper level of communication I knelt on the floor, my ritual in hand. I spoke the questions "Joseph Kelsomat Tom, will you take Theresa Mamie Topsail here present, for your lawful wife..." David translated. "Haaa (yes)" said the old man chuckling at the humors of the scene his eyes could not see, and shook Theresa's hand vigorously. Theresa was weeping. She nodded her assent.

In the Alberni Canal one evening, early in February, a boat sped close to the rocky shoreline. In it were Warren Rush and his wife, Clara, hurrying home to Kildonan in the fast fading light. All at once the craft leapt into the air, spilling its occupants. They were only 10 feet from shore. Warren was there in an instant. But he could not see his wife. He swam to where he thought she was. She was not there. He reached the rocky shore again, discovered it was a steep wall. He found a narrow ledge as wide as a man's foot just below the water line. He managed to get onto it and to stand, back against the wall, calling his wife. No answer came. He prayed. He rubbed his arms and legs and kept praying.

Long hours passed in lengthening agony of soul and body. He remembered what had happened to his friend Johnson Ginger in a similar accident, and slapped himself to keep from falling into a sleep from which he would never

waken. The water, suddenly, was up to his chest. The tide had risen. He felt for handholds above him. With tremendous effort he drew himself up.

Pray For Him

There was a ledge, big enough to sit on. He was safe. He rubbed himself. He slapped himself. He kept calling, half deliriously, for Clara. He kept praying until a friend discovered and rescued him... after dawn. I expect him almost daily here at Christie. He is coming to stay awhile. He wants to become a Catholic, like his children. Pray for him.

Since returning from the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico last December I have been busy promoting devotion to her among the Indians. I took my colored slides from here to Kyutut, telling everywhere the incomparably beautiful story of her meeting with the Indian Juan Diego, and the fascinating things I saw in that far off land. Every church on the West Coast now has a copy of that picture Our Lady imprinted miraculously on Juan Diego's coat. When I go to a reserve, one night or more is given to that devotion. They have taken it eagerly. Almost every home has its own picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

I have a little over two hundred dollars saved up towards the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe at Opiatsat reserve. Mr. John Gosselin of Los Angeles has offered very kindly to make the drawings for it. But we will have to do some scratching yet.

Another project I am undertaking, is a movie of the West Coast missions. It would help to make people more conscious of the home missions and their needs. It would help possibly with vocations. But I need help in accomplishing that task too. Unfortunately it is expensive.

The many needs of the missions are continually calling for help. My boat is on the ways again for painting and hull repairs. The lighting system is shot too. I had to order a lot of Catechisms for the children in the two day schools at Opiatsat and Ahousaht. I was able to finish the altar wall at Hesquiaht and get new outside doors for the church and a few other odd jobs there.

SAVE STAMPS SAVE SOULS

The Oblates of St. Francis de Sales, of De Sales Hall, Hyattsville, Maryland, U.S., ask readers of Restoration to help their South African missions by saving cancelled stamps. "We sort and sell them, and use the proceeds to send clothing and religious and medical supplies to South Africa," their announcement says. "All Canadian stamps are of value to us, and all American stamps of 5 cents or more, American commemoratives, and all foreign stamps. Those who help our missions are remembered daily in our prayers."

And the Rev. John B. Alvares, a missionary, would be grateful for any Catholic literature "especially of a more serious type," old or new. This should be sent to him at St. Ane's Kelarai, via Kulshakar, South Kanara, India. He has a "brand new" mission, with house, chapel, school, and store all in one little shack. He has four nuns helping him. Four nuns without a convent! He needs "about \$5,000. But he needs the literature also—and all he can get."

A Prayer in Need

About thirty years ago a soldier dying in a field hospital pleaded with busy nurses and doctors to help him say a last prayer. Nobody near him, including Catholics, could give him any aid. They didn't remember their prayers. This inspired a professor of theology, Msgr. Raphael J. Markham, to compose a prayer which could be printed on a small card and given to patients in every hospital in the world. Archbishop John T. McNicholas of Cincinnati, adopted the monsignor's idea; and the Apostolate to Aid the Dying was established. Prayer cards were mailed everywhere in 3 different languages and dialects. Thousands of men and women have said the prayer on their death beds—and some have become Catholics before they died. Since the death of Msgr. Markham, the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, Hartwell, Ohio, have mailed a million or more cards annually.

In case you want a prayer to say in case of an accident, or to help some sick or dying relative or friend, or to give some non-Catholic, you can write the Markham Prayer Card Apostolate, 60 Compton Road, Cincinnati 15, Ohio, or Sister Mary Carmelita, R.S.M., Mercy School of Nursing, Hamilton, Ohio.

"HOUSEWIFELY-MINDED IN THE LOWLY ROOM, SHE MOVED ABOUT TO SET THE FEED-BIN TABLE, SMOOTH THE STRAW BEDS,



MOTH and CLOTH

By John Carmel

Until the announcement of the Combermere Carpet-Chewing Championship (Under National Carpet-Chewing Club rules) Sing Ed Wings was a model of modesty, and propriety. But, stung by the taunts and jeers of other teen-age moths, he sent in his entry. Then, not one to do anything by halves, he began training in secret on cardigan cutlets, sock steaks, and worsted waffles.

Nor were his efforts in vain, for despite stiff competition from R. Otten Woof and A. Lien Warp, he secured first place in the rug-eating class, and captured the trophy awarded annually by the Combermere Invisible Menders Association, as the "Moth of the Year."

In Moth Eatin' Form

Sing's ambition now knew no bounds, and days of stern training were followed by nighttime dreams of thrilling successes. Gone were the care free flutters of by-gone days, gone the amiable light-hearted moth that once was Sing. Steadily he ploughed through District and Area championships, until that memorable evening when, in the final eat-off, he struck his best form and romped home to victory in the Dominion Finals, held in Toronto.

Justice has been done to that epic struggle by Babe Moth, the ace reporter of the "Mothateen Chronicle."

"Last night," he wrote, "Toronto's Mothiseum witnessed a titanic struggle that sent the fans fluttering like mad, and provided thrills never before known in the history of carpet-eating. A devastating body wriggle, coupled with indomitable will to win, carried Combermere's dark moth, Sing Ed Wings, to final victory in a series which will be talked of for years to come wherever the love of carpet-eating stirs the breasts of moths!"

A Moth Ball? No! No!

So home to a civic reception, and, as he thought, to a well-earned retirement, went our hero. But the sword of Damocles, which hangs over the heads of even lowly moths, awaited Sing. This is the form of a telegram from Buckleberry Hasbeen, the American champion.

This great drygoods gourmet challenged Sing to a match for the world title and a purse of 1,000 yards of wool. So, chartering a jet crow, Sing flew down to Mothville, Tennessee, for the "Pile of the Century" classic. They put out the red carpet for him.

As massed bands blared out the strains of "O Canada" and "The Star Spangled Banner", and as searchlights played on the two contestants, long identical Persian carpets were stretched across the center of the arena. These seized the moths' hole attention!

Sing and Buckleberry made their entrance to a reverberating roar of applause from the eager fans, whose excitement had been whetted by several preliminary bouts. They shook wings and took up their positions at the edge of their respective carpets. With a sharp buzz from the buzzer the contest began.

To Make His Pile

Tension mounted as the two rivals, neck and neck, ate steadily on through pile and fibre. Sing, at the end of an hour of hard honest competition, paused for a

quick breath, and saw that Buck was plodding on apparently unperturbed, and without need to rest or breathe deeply. He was going to make his pile or bust. Sing, with a vigorous body-shake, once more set to. But at the end of the second hour he was again forced to suck pure air into his carpet-padded body.

The jers of spectators rang in his ears, and there was a sinking feeling in his overstuffed stomach. He steeled himself once more for the attack. A pile driver must drive pile. Sing drove it, he drove himself. But within half an hour he knew it was in vain. He could go on no longer. With a faint flutter of his wings, and a feeble belch, he conceded the victory.

This, his first taste of defeat, was bitter to Sing. His iron self-control gave way. He wept. He bawled. He bawled. Words are powerless to describe the poignancy of the contrast between the hysterical joy of the fans and the sobbing figure of Sing. Fortunately there is no need of words. For, after all, who has not seen a moth bawl?

Books For Sale

Here are some more antique books that "collectors" may be interested in and which we have at Madonna House:

Bourdalon's Spiritual Retreat. Translated from French by William Gahan. Published by Richard Grace & Son, Dublin. 1833. Leather bound and in fair condition.

Bracebridge Hall, or The Humourists. by Washington Irving. Donohue Bros., Chicago, Publishers. No date. Well illustrated with miniature comic engravings. Good condition.

Bert Hart's Choice Bits. Diprose & Bateman, London, Pub. No date. Fair condition.

Canadian Messenger. The Publication in the interests of the League of Prayer in Union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Jan.-Dec. 1899. Some illustrations. Very good condition specially bound.

Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Jan.-Dec. 1904. Some illustrations. Very good condition. Hard cover. Bound half in leather.

Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Jan.-Dec. 1905. Some illustrations. Frontispiece of "Magi at the Crib". Good condition. Bound half in leather.

Carroll O'Donoghue, A Tale of The Irish Struggle of 1866, And of Recent Times. by Christine Faber. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, N.Y. 1881. Fair condition.

Catholic And Protestant Countries Compared—Civilization, Popular Happiness, General Intelligence, and Morality. by Alfred Young, Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle, 1898. Fair condition.

Catholic Truth and Biographies of Illustrious Saints, containing teachings of the Holy Catholic Church and Sacred Books of the Bible. Discourses on the Sacraments, etc. Published by the Catholic Art Manufacturing Co., New Haven, Conn. Imprimatur. 1897. In fair condition. Profusely embellished with superb illustrations in colors, phototype, wood engravings. Half bound in leather.

Cavaliers and Roundheads, or Stories of the Great Civil War. By John Edgar. Published by Frederick Warne & Co. London & N.Y. Autograph date is 1903-04. In good condition.

Purple, Crimson, Gold

By Laura Meyers

Stark naked noon
Looking from the summit of
creation,
Virile, possessing,
Cloud strewn, beauty thrown by
echo,
Appropriating a silver halo on the
airy eddies of space,
Restless, insistent, oppressing the
earth with overcast face,
Wild riot, struggle of color,
Tale of thy combat with night,
Pierced by the rush of dark
And thy bloody colors spilling
over thy unsated children,
Thy longing satisfied now life
pours out of thee.

Red passionate drama
Erupting with wild beauty,
Tearing life from the void
Yet hurtling thine own life from
thee,
Expanding in reckless, wanton abandon
To open a womb in the nothingness—
And nothingness conceived the
worlds.

Life, motion, ceaseless movement,
Soft music of the twilight planets
Swimming in the parent's golden
milk,
Harmoniously reflecting the infinite
spectrum,
Slide in endless, noiseless procession
about Thee,

Leaving no wake as the soft
nothings of space close o'er.
Rapid whirlpool of being
Majestic instant thy attraction,
Lover of thy children orbiting
about thee.

Yet wayward offspring scorn thy
care,
Eyes cast on a wandering star
Worlds far from thee — many
worlds,

Crusted over, frozen with their
own proud vapors,
Afraid to stand naked before the
life-giver.

Afraid as Adam was afraid.
Worlds closer, fewer.
Fertile they,
Drinking in life,
Misty hair pushed back, face
bared,

Give forth the little earth child
To be cradled in the arms of the
infinite void.

Worlds thy invisible arms have
tugged closer yet,
Dead unto themselves,
Consumed as they boldly run close
circles about thee,

Purged, liberated, life flying free.
Wild, restless, pagan-like longing.
Yet no Apollo,
No chariot, hast thou
Dethroned and afoot in savage
creation,

Yearning, straining down,
Prying into musty crags
And darkened caves,
Endless searching,
Frantic seeking,
Pulling, tugging thyself out of
the heavens

To touch the gloom,
To drown in the deep.
The shadows sharp in space
Where dark has bit deep into day,
Thou — straining to heal the
wounds of night,

Snatch up thy children by day to
pour thy love upon them
And thrust them gently by to cool
in sweet desolation from thy
love's embrace

Lest thou burn them up in thine
eagerness.
So bright 'tis instinct to flee,
Yet death without thee.
'Tis agony to love thee
And so also death insistent with
thee.

Being of infinite emotion and
guise
Pink and smooth as a virginal
kiss
Upon the dawn that bids the
morning vapors disperse,
The shadow of the Rood
Piercing life,
Blood colors flowing,
Love's blood on life-hungry
children.

A savage thing.
A gentle thing.
Ceaseless.
Drenching the world
With purple,
With crimson,
With gold.

Men of Good Will

By Rev. Paul Marx O.S.B.

It is clear what happens to a world in which the love of God and neighbor has been exiled. Whole nations are scandalized by the horrors of concentration camps and slave labor camps, to say nothing of wars after twenty centuries of effort to eliminate wars.

Concentration camps, slave labor camps, and wars are the fruits of hate, the opposite of love. The world yearns for peace. But it will not have that which alone can make for peace—the love of God and neighbor in the hearts of men. If men will not be guided by the loving designs of God, they will be ruled by the designs of hate of tyrants!

Greatest Lover

The world has tried everything, all theories and plans—and failed to achieve peace and order. It hasn't as yet tried seriously the plan of God, Christianity. Only God knows what is good for man and for the world, and He has said that "for those who love God all things work together unto good" (Rom. 8:28).

Keep the love of God in your heart; arouse it and increase it in all those about you. Remember that all evils in the world begin in men's souls, and from their souls the remedy must come, namely, treasuring the love of God and neighbor, in true imitation of the Greatest Lover of all time, Jesus Christ!

Charity should be the distinguishing mark of every follower of Christ. I have heard a lot of observations about Catholics. I have never heard anyone say, "See how those Catholics love one another!"

A famous Jesuit said: "Catholics have no right to be like other people." Yet, in what do they differ from their non-Catholic neighbors? In Charity? If so, why do so many Catholics, upon leaving Church, become Mr. Everybody?

Merry Christmas!
We Catholics are in many ways the most unambitious people in the world! We have Christ in our churches, and what's more, we can choose to have Him in our souls, if we remain in grace. We have Christ's truth in our mind, His love in our hearts.

His life (grace) in our souls—and yet we are so often no different from the pagans all about us! How do you spread the love of God? Have you invited that non-Catholic fellow worker to Mass, explained your faith to him, made real efforts to win him for Christ, felt responsible for Him?

All well and good to visit Churches, receive the sacraments. But do you realize that you can serve Christ in your neighbor? "What you do... to the least of my brethren you do to me. Do you see Christ in others? Do you believe you are the link between Christ and those you meet?"

Or do you just say "Merry Christmas" to them once a year?



Many people are giving away Christmas turkeys; but the Staff Workers of Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon, and those dependent on them, are glad Father Tanguay, an Oblate of Mary Immaculate missionary, thought of a gift much better than any gobble. Father Tanguay brought, from Carmacks, five tremendous beautiful lake trout, each weighing between 20 and 30 pounds. Edie Scott, shown with Fr. Tanguay in the kitchen of St. Catherine's will assure you she now has fish to burn. But she hadn't better burn them. She's the cook.

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